

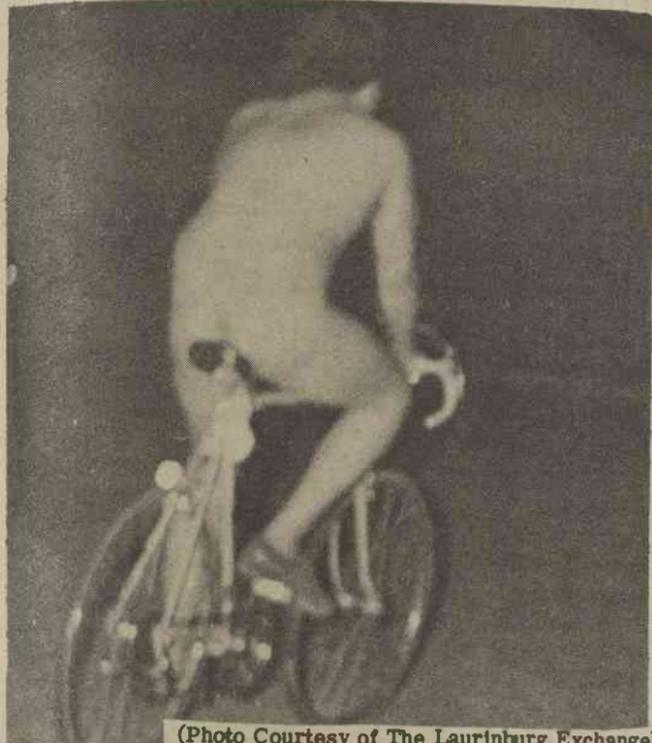
THE LANCE

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(Photo Courtesy of The Laurinburg Exchange)

Whatever happened to the hula-hoop?

Empty Words - The Art Of Change

BY STEVIE DANIELS

The dialogue of John Cage and Merce Cunningham Tuesday night at Scotland County High School was exactly as it was described on the program. The words of John Cage were empty--"A non-syntactical mix of phrases, words, syllables, and letters obtained by subjecting the Journal of Henry David Thoreau to a series of I Ching chance operations," and Cunningham danced.

As the performance developed one could sense different tides of tension and calm. There were slides from Henry David Thoreau's journal, Cage's voice and Cunningham's dancing all at once. The mind could not rest on any one of these things long enough to discern a pattern or an idea. The senses were bombarded.

There were definite rhythms in Cage's voice and Cunningham's movement but these were irregular and only at certain times interconnected. The performance did have a strange capacity to bring into and absorb all movement or sound in the room. Would be annoyances became a part of the whole process and in one

sense nothing was excluded. Just as at certain times there was an integration of Cage's voice and Cunningham's movement so the baby's cries, the people's departures and the hum of the microphone became a part of the music.

On the other hand the whole was a reflection of fragmentation--the revelation of individual experience in the American environment. An artist cannot stand above society. If art is more than just that the Dialogue borders on the brink of non-art. There was no substance, nor continuum of communication with the audience (except for the intermingling of all sound and sensation in the room). Cage has said that it is detrimental to explain his work so he rarely does.

The piano piece at the end was a calm resolution to the performance and yet Cage fixed the piano for the proper sound. In one sense that gesture seems innovative and expansive and yet in another sense seems retrogressive and defacing to the instrument called the piano. However, the close of the presentation drew a warm response from the audience.

Recruiters Seek Students

Recruiters from various schools and businesses will be on campus during March and April to interview Seniors for job placement after graduation. Up to this time, however, students have shown little interest in the interviews, with the result that two of the four recruiters scheduled for March have cancelled. Apathy plus gasoline shortages have made coming to St. Andrews no longer worth their while.

Seniors may still sign up with the Placement Office for interviews, with job

recruiters. In fact, if they do not, other firms from distant cities may cancel appointments. Mrs. Ramona Wright, Director of the Career Planning and Placement Center, say that students have shown less interest in job recruitment this year than ever before. Companies and schools choose the colleges they come to on the basis of interest shown previously, and St. Andrews has been steadily losing in the number of firms and school-systems willing to come here.

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From Reality To Myth

As we celebrate the 40th anniversary of Black Mountain College we realize it is "less an institution than a myth." Leslie Fiedler opened his lecture Saturday night with this perceptive and accurate point. The actual influence of Black Mountain did not begin until 1956 with its disintegration at which time it was "absorbed into the bloodstream of America." A poem by Paul Goodman, "visit to Black Mountain College, June 1952" was used by Fiedler to introduce the central concern of his presentation, that is the living tradition of Black Mountain. Tradition is an important part of the living relationship between student and teacher which is both a resentful and a baffling love, which involves failures and successes, living and dying and "the hope of doing better next time."

The tradition of Black

Mountain is the tradition of dissent and of permanent revolution (cultural). It is important to recognize that Fiedler spoke only of the cultural side of revolution and did not speak of the economic aspects of revolution which are necessary if society is to actually change. He was very absolute about politics, also, saying that politicians are always corrupt regardless of the context. At any rate, this cultural traditionless tradition continues to live, as a result of the mingling San Francisco movement and the dissipating Black Mountain crowd in the late 50's.

The people whom Fiedler called the pioneers of the cultural revolution at Black Mountain wrote about what ought, should, and had to change. Black Mountain taught "downward social mobility" and creative alternative modes of life. Now

these pioneers write about those things that do not change--the "eternal return" of death, birth and children. Nevertheless the values which Black Mountain tried to attain to are given lip service by most people today. "They are hypocritical about these new values rather than the old."

There are those who succeeded and are known (Fuller, Creeley) and there are those who succeeded and are unknown (Dan Rice). At this point, Fiedler strongly emphasized how little success has to do with popularity. Fiedler warned through a quote from Goethe, "Be careful what you desire in your youth, because you will get it in your middle age." Although we may not be able to take the risks of the 30's, 40's and 50's we can participate in ritual, ceremonial and formal celebrations, "and perhaps that is what we'll have to do."

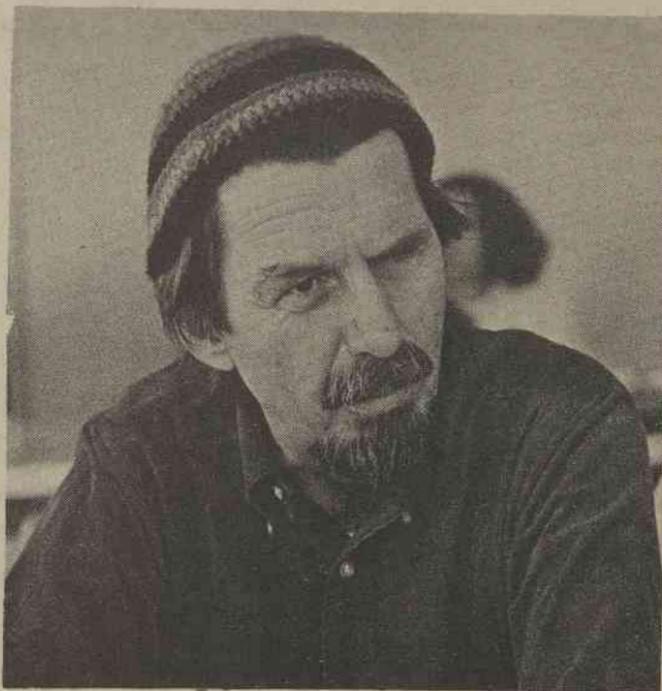
Creeley: Intense Poetry

BY TIM TOURTELLOTTE

Robert Creeley read last Friday to a near capacity audience in Avinger Auditorium. Creeley, wearing a toboggan and a frayed sweater, emanated a rustic air as he entered the auditorium, smoking a cigarette and shaking hands with visiting professors -- most notably Norman McCleod from Pembroke, who is a poet, novelist and editor. Before beginning the reading, Creeley, shunning the formality of the lecture, drew forth a table and chair, sat down, removed his toboggan, and began fumbling with the microphone. Unable to secure it properly about his neck, S.A.'s favorite poet, Ron Bayes, ambled out, fastened the mike and, leaning over Creeley's shoulder, announced, "Ladies and gentleman -- Robert Creeley."

To the following intense applause, Creeley smiled shyly, gazing at the large mass through the smoke with his solitary eye. Then: silence again; the poet shuffled through his notebook -- and, finally, spoke; in a slow clear voice, resonant and soothing, he acknowledged McCleod: the older poet, gray and fragile. Creeley pronounced him a teacher, of himself, of other poets of the generation -- and, and to affirm it, read a poem that, Creeley said, tried to capture the them and lines of one of McCleod's early poems.

Then they began to carry on a dialogue -- softly and intensely, as if they were alone, as if only themselves and the poetry were the only thing that mattered. It was difficult for this reviewer to understand the words but the communication was evident; you envied it, wanted to be a part of it. Finally, Creeley



Robert Creeley in SA cafeteria.

drew himself back into focus and began the reading -- first, his early poems; the poems about love gone bad, love going bad, and, too, about love itself, written in his unique style: short, quick, lyric epigrams in rhyme. These were poems he wrote, chiefly, while at Black Mountain -- while his marriage with Bobby was breaking apart and, with it, for a time, the foundation of his world. Then, as if to dispell the delicate mood of melancholy these poems produced, he shifted into a prose-poetry piece.

It seemed to this writer that this part of Creeley's reading was somewhat obtuse and too intently subjective. It portrayed one of his experiences in Mexico with his friends, and though at times filled with distinct imagery and vivid description, it lacked the power and beauty his poetic miniatures can evoke. After

this prose-poetry, he began reading much more recent poems -- poems about his children and family in Bolinas. They were strong, mature inexorable poems, missing the strong rhyme patterns of his early work, yet replacing them with the masterful use alliteration and word rhythms. The last poem he read was especially memorable; one which he seemed to read on impulse -- it was about the death of his mother, the pain and shock, and also the guilt, for she died the day after his last visit with her. His voice became strained as he read the poem; at times, it almost broke -- and one was filled with empathy and admiration for the poet. As he neared the end of the poem it was difficult to understand the words, but, then,

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